Spicy Pepper Chocolate

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Spicy Pepper Chocolate

by sourweather

Summary

Mischa brings her college boyfriend home from college to visit. Hannibal simply can't resist him.

Notes

You pluck the Spicy Pepper Chocolate from your Chocolate Sampler. It's a unique one, but it has substance beyond its novelty. The chocolate is rich, sweet, a little dark. The spice of the pepper strikes you as it's leaving, making your tongue and lips tingle in its wake.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Ah…”

Hannibal’s lips curl into a wicked smile. He takes his time with the next lick, tracing the boy’s rim at an agonizingly slow pace with the tip of his tongue. The boy’s lithe body shivers, wound adorably tense as Hannibal tears him to pieces. He drifts upward, almost lazily. Sucks one of the boy’s balls into his mouth.

A knobby, work-weathered hand shoots out to the side, grabs the edge of Hannibal’s desk. Hannibal laughs softly, lets the warm air of his breath hit the boy’s spit-shiny hole. He presses his lips to it, laying a wet kiss to his entrance before licking his way deep inside. The boy gasps sharply, jolts where he lies.

“O-Oh, God…”

Hannibal forces himself to pull away, as little as he wants to stop devouring this sweet creature’s body. “Be careful, darling,” he teases softly. His hands find the boy’s thighs, caress their goose-pimpled flesh. “We wouldn’t want someone to hear you, now, would we?”

Before his lover can so much as formulate a response, Hannibal returns to his task. He curls his tongue against the boy’s inner walls, growling softly when he tightens around Hannibal’s tongue.

Hannibal hadn’t thought much of it, when Mischa announced that she would be bringing a man home with her for the winter. His beloved sister had been involved in passing affairs with a handful of different young men, since going away to college. At first, Hannibal had felt his proverbial hackles raise at the idea. He didn’t like the thought of his little Mischa being involved with anyone, much less some foolish boy she’d met on campus. But he quickly learned that his sister was more than capable of handling herself, and since then Hannibal was entirely disinterested in her romantic affairs.

That was, until she arrived on Hannibal’s doorstep with *him.*

Will tries to quiet his moans as Hannibal eats him out, clamping a sweaty hand over his tempting mouth. It’s for the best, of course. The last thing Hannibal wants is to be interrupted. Still, if it were up to him, Hannibal would want nothing more than to make Will scream with pleasure until his charming Southern voice was nothing but a string of broken whimpers.

It’s her own fault, really. Mischa must have known what she was doing, bringing a boy this mouth-watering into Hannibal’s home. How was he meant to refuse?

Hannibal separates from Will’s hole with a final filthy lick, immediately coating his fingers in saliva before thrusting two of them inside. Will arches, his spine lifting from the dark wood of Hannibal’s desk. Hannibal shushes him, leaning over him to wrap his swollen lips around the leaking head of the boy’s cock.

He looks beautiful, like this. Laid out on Hannibal's desk, discarded notes and office supplies strewn all around his quivering form. His faded Radiohead T-Shirt is pushed high on his torso, his nipples peaked and sensitive where Hannibal has lavished them with attention. His pale legs are thrown over Hannibal's shoulders, his boxers and pajama pants lying forgotten near Hannibal's knees.

Hannibal couldn't be blamed for it, truly. Not when Will had stumbled into his study after Mischa had fallen asleep, his long dark hair in disarray from tossing and turning. He'd fidgeted in the doorway, muttered something about not being able to sleep, bitten his lip. What else could he have done? Hannibal is only human.

Will braces himself on one shaky arm as Hannibal begins bobbing his head, staring slack-jawed at the obscene image between his legs. Hannibal works him quickly, taking his cock deep into his mouth as his deft fingers quest after the boy's prostate.

His heel digs into Hannibal's back when he succeeds in finding the sensitive gland, a high squeak slipping from his mouth. "Fuck," he gasps, his cock throbbing against Hannibal's tongue. "I— Holy shit."

Hannibal hums his amusement around Will's cock, preening a little. The bewilderment in the boy's voice tells Hannibal that he's never experienced this sort of pleasure before, that Hannibal is the first to make him feel this way. Will's slender chest heaves, his trembling fingers find their way into Hannibal's hair. Hannibal's prepared for Will to snatch a fistful, to shove his cock down Hannibal's throat. He's eager for it, even. Instead, Will cards them over his scalp, petting him as he sucks. It's sweet, in an awkward sort of way. Showing his inexperience.

He looks up through his lashes just in time to watch Will toss his head back, curls spilling over his shoulders as he stares at the ceiling. Will's pretty throat bobs as he swallows, hard. "God, that feels so… *good."*

Adorable. Hannibal rewards him by curling his fingers, sucking deeper until his nose is pressed to Will's thick pubic hair. He can't help himself, Hannibal inhales deeply through his nose. Musk. Cedar trees, and sea salt, and musk. Will might be beautiful, but there's a masculine ruggedness to him that Hannibal finds deeply intoxicating. The boy curses again, pawing at the back of Hannibal's head, begging him to stay where he is.

The timid knocking at the study door startles both of them, and Hannibal pulls back abruptly. He kneels there, gasping for air as he listens.

"Hannibal?" The voice of his sister beckons him from beyond the door. "Hannibal, are you still awake?"

Hannibal gazes up at Will. There's a string of saliva suspended on the air, connecting his lips to Will's flushed cock. Will looks back at him, his face tinted red and his eyes blown wide with terror.

"Yes, dear," Hannibal calls back. His voice is rough from his efforts, he doesn't move from his place. Will's eyes flick from Hannibal to the door and back again. "What is it?"

Mischa tries the knob, and Hannibal smirks at how Will flinches. The door is locked, of course. Hannibal doesn't leave those sorts of things to chance. Hesitant, she speaks through the door once again. "I— Have you seen Will? I woke up, and he was gone."

Hannibal looks Will in the eye, lifts a brow. Will's mouth falls open in silent shock when Hannibal wraps a hand around his cock, but he doesn't move to stop him.

"He told me that he was having trouble sleeping," Hannibal replies, his level tone giving nothing away. He strokes Will, quick and firm. Will covers his mouth again. "Perhaps he went for a walk through the garden, to settle his mind."

"Maybe," Mischa says, but she sounds far from convinced. Will's lashes flutter, his precious little teeth sink into the back of his hand. Hannibal's lip twitches. He'd give anything to close his jaws around this boy's flesh, to leave him painted in bite marks. He can't, of course. His sister is far too perceptive.

"Go back to bed, dear." Hannibal watches Will's hips buck from the desk, chasing the warmth of Hannibal's hand. His breaths rush through his nose, his hairline shines with sweat. "I'm sure he'll return to you soon enough."

She's silent, for a moment, but eventually she relents. "Alright," she says with a sigh. "Good night, Hannibal."

"Sleep well."

It's only when Mischa's footsteps pad off into nothing that Will curls in on himself, muttering frantically. "Please," he whispers, writhing under Hannibal's touch. "Please, *fuck,* please."

Hannibal wastes no time. He leans in once more, takes Will deep into his mouth. Will comes seconds later, a strangled groan slipping from between his lips as he spills onto Hannibal's waiting tongue. He swallows eagerly, savors the taste of this exquisite boy. He laps at the head of Will's cock, taking as much of his release as he can possibly get. Will shudders through his orgasm, panting raggedly all the while.

"Sweet boy," Hannibal whispers, and presses a kiss to Will's quivering thigh. "Maybe now, you'll be able to sleep, hm?"

With a grunt, Hannibal stands. He's prepared to let the boy go, but instead Will seizes him by the front of his shirt. He drags Hannibal into a bruising, passionate kiss, whimpering as his tongue delves clumsily into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal smiles against Will's lips, trading heated kisses with him until Will can't bear it any longer.

Will leans back on his palms, looking up at Hannibal through long doll lashes. He's beautiful, all pink and blue, and Hannibal feels an unfamiliar clutch around his heart.

"Can we… do this again, sometime?" Will asks between labored breaths. And really, how on Earth is Hannibal supposed to say no?

End Notes

Thanks so much to: Nethergate for this DELICIOUS recipe! I think it came out really tasty ;)

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